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SONGS

FLORENCE ISABEL CHAUNCEY



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SONGS

FLORENCE ISABEL CHAUNCEY



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DEDICATION

*See what a garland here I bring,
An offering to the friend,
Who from these simple blooms will cull
Just one, and "Thank you" send.*

CONTENTS

<i>The First Song</i>	9
<i>Just Me</i>	10
<i>Man's Ignorance</i>	11
<i>Reflection</i>	12
<i>?</i>	13
<i>Reminiscence</i>	14
<i>Is It True?</i>	15
<i>Byron</i>	16
<i>My Love</i>	17
<i>Instinct</i>	18
<i>Cupid's Revenge</i>	19
<i>Extremes</i>	20
<i>Wantonness</i>	21
<i>Daphne</i>	22
<i>A Picture</i>	23
<i>Beauty's Crutch</i>	24
<i>Worthless Friendship</i>	25
<i>Blessings</i>	26
<i>Selfishness</i>	27
<i>Thoughtfulness</i>	28
<i>A True Story</i>	29
<i>The Reckoning</i>	30
<i>Dread</i>	31
<i>Reincarnation</i>	32
<i>A Plea</i>	33
<i>Selfish Grief</i>	34
<i>Why?</i>	35
<i>The Sensitive Mimosa</i>	36
<i>Pitiless Duty</i>	38
<i>Happy Silence</i>	39

CONTENTS

<i>Innocence</i>	40
<i>Nature's Throne</i>	41
<i>Yesterday</i>	42
<i>To-day</i>	42
<i>Clear Vision</i>	43
<i>Take Warning</i>	44
<i>A Modern Thought</i>	45
<i>The Robin's Day</i>	46
<i>Requital</i>	48
<i>Impotence</i>	49
<i>Armor</i>	50
<i>Recompense</i>	51
<i>An Ideal Realized</i>	52
<i>Mrs. Lot</i>	53
<i>Allurement</i>	54
<i>The Aspen</i>	57
<i>Advice</i>	58
<i>Discouraging Help</i>	59
<i>Life's Railway</i>	60
<i>The Thief</i>	61
<i>Transposition</i>	62
<i>Bubbles</i>	63
<i>My Lady</i>	64
<i>Knowledge</i>	65
<i>Borrowed Plumes</i>	66
<i>Curiosity's Reward</i>	67
<i>Sacrifice</i>	68
<i>A Beautiful Coronet</i>	69
<i>A Sure Reward</i>	70
<i>Eve's Fright</i>	71
<i>Home</i>	72
<i>What Happened in a Garden</i>	74
<i>The Last Page</i>	80

SONGS

THE FIRST SONG

Before the song of joy
By morning stars was sung,
A bird of plumage rare
Gave voice to tones that rung
O'er all the new-made earth;
And this is what he trilled:
"Life is all love, and love
Is God's great work fulfilled."

JUST ME

Dear Mother, tell me once again,
How one spring day
A lovely angel came to you,
From far away;
And offered you a basket full
Of roses fair,
And lilies, too, all shining still
With dewdrops rare;
And when you raised the lovely flowers,
As if to see
What other gift was resting there,—
You found *JUST ME!*

MAN'S IGNORANCE

Sometimes the angels circle round,
And cause an atmosphere
Of gleaming white, like silver mist,
Which veils the moon-light clear.

On earth when mortals see this mist,
With wisdom all atune—
They tell the world in full belief:
“A ring’s around the moon!”

REFLECTION

We ought to keep our halos bright,
And when we take them off at night,
Should polish them for public sight,
For they are self-reflected light.

The world has asked the question oft,
Through ages quite untold:
"What is the greatest gift in life
A woman can unfold—
Is't beauty or pure saintliness,
Or is it tact perchance
That gives her reputation great,
And thus her arts enhance?"
Methinks that beauty counts full weight,
Then stately manner calm;
But far above all witching ways,
Is unexplained charm.

REMINISCENCE

I know a little corner,
Within a garden wild,
Where many precious treasures
I hid when but a child.
'Twas there I heard the music
Of birds and busy bees,
That piped and buzzed their anthems,
Among the flowers and trees.
'Twas there I told my secrets,
To birds and flowers alone;
You see I was a princess,
An heiress to a throne.
And now I have a garden,
Far famed o'er all the earth,
And on my brow and bosom
Are gems of countless worth;
But with these priceless jewels,
I often carry pain,
When of my garden corner,
I think and dream again.

IS IT TRUE?

Some say the touch of woman's hand
Above all memory lingers;
And yet, can touch more sweet be felt,
Than comes from baby fingers?

BYRON

Misunderstood, embittered of his kind ;
Beggared in youth of youth's demand of life ;
Self-exiled, he essayed the world to rife
Of all sensations, till his soul was blind
To every law by Nature underlined.
And yet, transcendent over every strife,
His was a power, a strength, an undefined
Reincarnation of a master mind—
A mind whose progeny grow strong with years,
And beckon myriads by wondrous charm
Of intellect; and who may estimate
Those fairy touches causing smiles and tears
Of this great poet-soul? Forgive all harm
Wrought by this child of light enmeshed by Fate!

MY LOVE

I love a maid, so fair is she,
That all the stars sing out with glee,
When she comes forth to welcome me.

This little maid is three years old,
Her eyes are blue, her hair of gold;
My daughter she—need I have told?

INSTINCT

A blue bird sang to a beautiful flower,
A flower most flaunting and gay;
He knew not her breath so poisonous, sweet,
Was death, though he fell by the way.
How could he know?

A woman child came to this earth one time,
This earth with its pleasures so gay;
She faced all temptations poisonous, sweet,
But fell not on life's troubled way.
God let her know!

CUPID'S REVENGE

She passed along a shaded road,
While on a mile-stone near,
With arrow placed and bow well strung,
A Cupid did appear.

The arrow pointed at her heart;
But as she nearer came,
The bow was gently drawn aside,
In undecided aim.

Sly Cupid smiling looked at her,
And in a gentle voice,
He said, "Come see my arrows bright,
Then you may make your choice.

"I have one for each virtue rare,
Pure love and sweet content;
For just to wound poor human hearts,
Is not why I am sent.

"Which will you have, true happiness,
Or peace, or passion wild?"
"Not one of all these gifts," said she,
"But freedom, foolish child!"

Sweet Cupid raised his eyes to hers,
Eyes filled with tears of pain;
Then stretched his wings and flew away,
Nor crossed her path again!

EXTREMES

The hottest sound in all the world,
Is through the summer heat,
To hear the insect chorus call,
Above a field of wheat.

The coldest sound in all the world,
Is on a winter day,
To hear the wheels crunch on the snow,
Along the frozen way.

WANTONNESS

Among the flowers there is one most bright,
That comes in early spring;
It lifts its veil at sunrise; but at night,
Bird-like it folds its wing.

It flaunts its beauty to all passers-by,
And upward turns its face
To greet the light, and as the sun mounts high
Unfolds its wondrous grace.

It's like a woman who gives love unasked;
And in a wanton way
Reveals the charms that lose all charm unmasked,—
It is the Tulip gay.

DAPHNE

Have you ever seen the laurel,
In the glory of its bloom,
Watched the beauty of its color,
Bursting forth as from a tomb?

When I see it thoughts of Daphne,
From her lover speeding fast,
Cross my vision, and I wonder
At the story of the past—

Of a maiden, love's sweet victim,
Turned to bloom for lovers' bowers;
Who in death has given to mortals,
One of Nature's sweetest flowers.

A PICTURE

I saw her at her window,
And that was all;
Where roses in their glory
Clothed all the wall.

Now ever from that window
Smiles back at me,
My mother in her beauty—
Eternally.

BEAUTY'S CRUTCH

We laugh at those who
In ignoble haste
To play life's game—
In looking at a
Picture, without taste
Admire the frame!

Do not despise this
Class of modern toasts
Who take that pose;
For know you not the
Wall the garden boasts
Supports a rose?

WORTHLESS FRIENDSHIP

The slander of an enemy
Is not a burden light,
To carry on our daily round
And try to bear the slight.

But far more heavy is the weight,
Of thoughts in bitter trend,
That cause us to repeat the words,
"Forgotten by a friend!"

BLESSINGS

Into each life must shadow fall,
To show the glorious light,
That shines athwart our human path,
So filled with blessings bright.

As shadows dark and deeper grow,
And life seems one sad sea—
Remember there is always light,
Or shadow could not be.

So when you look upon your life,
Know that you had the best,
If God has sent both light and shade.
Be thankful; you are blest!

SELFISHNESS

A violet sweet awoke one day,
And smiled up to the sun;
The sun so passionate kissed her lips,
And her short hour was run!

THOUGHTFULNESS

I think the fairy people,
Are the best in all the world;
They need not be real fairies—
But just tender hearts unfurled;

Who try to lift the burdens,
Of the many who are sad;
Who make themselves quite foolish,
Just to make the others glad.

The ones who do sweet nothings,
Trying sorrow to destroy;
Who never ask for praises;
But in giving they enjoy

The sweet reward of friendship,
'Tis a gift no mortal buys;
It always comes unasked for,
And where love is there it lies.

A TRUE STORY

The master and the dog
Were one in love;
And not a human soul
More love could prove

Than did that faithful dog,
When on the day
The master said farewell,
And passed away.

For since that time, the dog
Has not been found.
Two friends that day were laid
Beneath the ground!

THE RECKONING

When all the fields in summer,
Show their burdens great of life;
When corn and grain are waving,
And the world with joy is rife;

'Tis then our mother Nature
Fills each heart with joy or pain;
For 'tis her call of harvest,
From the fields of waving grain.

DREAD

Full many years have come and gone,
And yet we see again,
The shepherds and their gentle flocks,
Upon Judea's plain.

When on a star-lit night of old,
The shepherds were afraid
To cross the lowly threshold, where
The Wondrous Child was laid.

So now each mortal shudders from
The path which death has trod.
'Tis the same fear the shepherds felt,
When called to meet their God!

REINCARNATION

Good-bye, my sweet, our parting comes;
But in some other sphere,
We two must meet, I know it well,
After our love-life here.

I may become a butterfly,
Or caterpillar dull;
Or yet perchance a busy bee,
The honey sweet to cull;

While you I know must surely be,
A lovely, pure white rose,
Whom all the world will try to pluck,
So perfect in your pose;

But wheresoe'er you may be called,
To show your face so sweet;
Be sure that you will find me there,
A-crouching at your feet!

A PLEA

I know a lovely meadow,
Where gentians closely lie;
They steal their azure color,
From gazing at the sky.

Oh, do not pluck their blossoms,
And close their sweet, blue eyes;
For all their beauty passes,
When taken from the skies!

SELFISH GRIEF

A woman sat and thought of grief
In deep dejection;
She brooded on and loved that grave
Of introspection;
She could not see the shining sun
Nor its reflection;
But wept and waited for the dawn
Of resurrection.

She would not see hands lifted high
In supplication;
Of weaker sisters fallen low
In degradation;
For she had never felt the peace
Of resignation;
Nor knew to answer sorrow's call
Of obligation!

WHY?

We offer palms to those who win,
In life's mad race for fame,
And it is just;
Yet, why not offer praise to those
Who try, but lose the game—
Whose hopes are dust?

THE SENSITIVE MIMOSA

'Twas many hundred years ago,
When flowers and leaves and trees
Could think, and speak and understand,
And sing with every breeze—
'Twas far away in India.

Beside a long and sunny road,
A sweet Mimosa grew;
And at its feet its flowers and leaves
A lace-like shadow threw—
The shadow deep of India.

One day some beggar-men passed by,
Leading a snow-white ewe;
They rested 'neath the pretty tree,
As weary travellers do—
Far off in sunny India.

When evening came and hunger caused
These men for food to cry;
They slew the gentle creature, who
Was meekly waiting nigh—
With patience dumb of India.

For fire-wood they cut the tree,
And at their touch uncouth,
The sweet Mimosa furl'd her leaves,
And seemed to lose her youth—
The fleeting youth of India.

For when another traveller passed,
He thought the tree quite dead;
Yet rested 'neath its shrivelled leaves,
Its shadow for his bed—
The shadow bed of India.

When he awoke he saw with joy,
The tree once more was young;
Its flowers and leaves so fresh and bright,
In beauteous garlands hung—
As garlands hang in India.

He rose and smiled, and laid his hand
Upon its yellow bloom;
When suddenly its beauty passed,
And closed as in a tomb—
As beauty fades in India.

And ever since that by-gone time,
The sweet Mimosa tree
Has quailed beneath a human touch,
So sensitive is she—
Beneath the sun of India.
* * * * * * *

Perhaps a moral lies within
The tale I here reveal;
Can you read its hidden meaning?
'Tis of the ancient Seal—
From far away in India.

PITILESS DUTY

How often when the cry of pain,
Our sympathies enlist;
We turn at once and offer aid,
Nor duty's call resist.

But then, when suffering lingers on,
And no day brings relief—
Our hearts grow weary of the task;
Our hour of strength is brief.

For most monotonous and dull,
Is service without change;
And few can bear the constant call
Of duty's narrow range.

HAPPY SILENCE

"You say that music is your art?"

I asked the happy boy;

"Yes, Lady, I can sing all songs,

And fill my life with joy."

"You say you cannot sing aloud,

Nor sound to me impart?"

"Oh no, dear Lady, songs like mine,

Live only in my heart."

INNOCENCE

She wandered down a path with roses lined;
She seemed to be a ray of sunlight rare,
So beautiful, so bright, so free from care.
To all earth's creatures she was gentle, kind,
Her hour was joy, to sorrow she was blind,
For her short path in life had been most fair;
Her soul was pure as truth, unblemished, bare.
And as I saw her, in my heart I pined
To shield her from disaster, and to hold
Her in my arms, as in a fortress strong;
And tell her how I held her life so dear,
That I would be her lover ever bold,
And guard her from all shadows that might throng
To spoil her charm, which was her atmosphere.

NATURE'S THRONE

I stood before the climax of the world,
The realm of Nature at my feet unfurled;
I felt that all created things were small,
Beside this great result of Nature's call.

I saw the snow above me pure and white;
The rivers at my feet flowed left and right;
I felt that I was standing there with God,
And that no mortal e'er this ground had trod.

The world was mine alone, I owned it all!
The snow heights, rivers, mountains, spaces wide;
The place I stood upon was like God's throne;
But it was Nature's throne—THE GREAT DI-
VIDE!

YESTERDAY

The fields lay patterned like a carpet green,
With shades of dear, familiar weeds and grass;
A whisper spoke of beauty promised soon,
When searching sunlight o'er the earth should pass.

TO-DAY

Last night the homeless weeds—those lovely things,
Unfolded all their buds and there did blow
The miracle of daisies o'er the earth,
That clothed the fields in blooming summer snow!

CLEAR VISION

A withered woman sat beside the sea,
Holding a cross of thorn-bush rudely wrought;
I stood before her and with question free,
Asked her the lesson that her symbol taught.

She held the cross before her weary eyes,
And up to mine she looked, nor thought of earth:
"Know you not friend," said she in mild surprise,
"This symbol's meaning and its ancient birth?"

I answered, "Yes, I know its meaning well;
But why not show a symbol shining bright,
To point the way for others, and not tell
Of darkness—but of God's effulgent light?"

"I hold this symbol to my heart," said she,
"For life to me has been one long, dark frown;
But on the great horizon line I see,
The wondrous light that is to form my crown.

"I've tried to do my earthly work and tell,
To those discouraged who would reach the goal:
It matters not of what our cross is made,
If its great burden fetters not the soul!" .

TAKE WARNING

She had ten suitors;
Five were shining lights;
The other five were—
Well, just parasites!

But she said “no,” to
All these wooing men;
And she is now an
Unsupported hen!

A MODERN THOUGHT

Pleasure is our motor-car,
It goes so fast;
Boredom is the donkey-cart,
We just flew past!

THE ROBINS' DAY

The greatest wedding of the world
Takes place to-day;
Of brides and bridegrooms there will be,
A great array;
For spring has come and joy rings in,
The first of May!

It is the robins' wedding feast,
And o'er the earth,
Is heard a fluttering of wings,
Like hidden mirth;
While love is singing greetings to
Its day of birth.

The bridegrooms all their waistcoats don
Of brightest red;
The brides a modesty adopt,
With drooping head;
And over all is felt a joy,
By Nature shed.

The thought of nesting and of love
Fills every mind;
Each bridegroom knows the bower where
His bride he'll find;
For Nature teaches birds to mate,
As kind to kind.

Come let us join this wedding feast,
With souls awake;
And as a gift to all the birds
Our promise make:
That never in our cruel sport,
Their lives we'll take;

For each bird is a soul of joy,
Whose carols bring,
To many sad and tired hearts,
The song of spring:
So let them live. Hark, Nature waits
To hear them sing!

REQUITAL

The feather on my lady's hat,
Was plumage of a bird,
Who died in agony that she
Might show a mode absurd.

I told my lady how a life
Was given in despair;
She only laughed in selfish glee;
I knew she did not care.

I saw she felt not pain for pain;
No pity filled her eyes;
That day love passed beyond my life;
That lady I despise!

IMPOTENCE

The boy deep centered every hope,
Upon the snow-man he had made;
But soon he found his efforts vain,
For melting snow destruction laid!

The youth essayed to win in life,
He saw the world before him bend;
But he had only snow-man's strength,
And fortune would no treasure lend.

The man went out on earth's rough way,
To reap one great reward of life;
But he was still like snow-men frail,
And could not meet the awful strife.

At last his soul went out to God,
A soul too impotent to win;
May pardon be his great reward;
He was a man too weak to sin!

ARMOR

The pine trees always seem to be
Like kings;
They are so lonesome; so apart;
Poor things!
The other trees about them bend
And sway,
With every wind that blows their leaves;
But they
Must ever stand in dignified
Repose,
And never tell to other trees
Their woes.
They are not happy, for always
They moan
When night winds bend them, and they seem
To groan
When snow-flakes gather on their limbs
So cold,
Like cares of nations that make kings
Grow old.
The snow-pall strength and warmth the tree
Doth bring;
And thus a royal mantle helps
A king!

RECOMPENSE

The sightless ones seem always happy, kind,
Although their world is darkened at its dawn;
The sun, the moon, the evening and the morn
Are colorless to them, for they are blind.
Their darkest clouds of pain seem ever lined
With rosy hints of music, that are born
To replace joys that others' lives adorn,
While in their path lie treasures of the mind.
Have they the sight of wisdom in their hearts—
A knowledge that all knowledge overwhelms?
Is their profound obscurity a sense
Above all other senses, that imparts
A power to discern the unknown realms?
They see beyond—that is God's recompense.

AN IDEAL REALIZED

To I. P. W.

I know a woman, modest, pure and sweet,
Who meets life's battles, scorning all retreat.
She stands alone upon her battle ground;
But at her feet love's trophies great are found.

The poor, the rich, the great, are all her friends,
And from her threshold not a waif she sends;
Her riches are not treasures of the sand;
But character is her foundation grand.

For her close friendships garlands ever give,
And at her passing her dear name shall live;
For she is one of God's great souls so rare
Who stands with arms outstretched her gifts to
share.

MRS. LOT

Poor Mrs. Lot,
How sad her end;
She never seemed
To have a friend.
Yet for what cause
Was she struck dead?
'Twas only that
She turned her head!

Now should we tell
Our womenkind,
To forward go,
Nor look behind—
The human race
Would call a halt;
And all the world,
Be turned to salt!

ALLUREMENT

The spiders work their webs to spin
Of threads so soft, so white, so thin;
Yet they are strong as subtile sin,
And mesh the foolish flies within.

The spiders hide their ugly shapes
To fool the flies, not one escapes;
The closer web their visage drapes,
And each his struggling victim rapes.

Their forms are varied, every one
Allurement spreads, and few can shun
The web's bright glimmer in the sun;
But to its lair at last is won.

And thus in life the spiders spin,
To lure their victims into sin;
Like vices they are all akin;
Weak sisters these, yet strong to win.

Delusion sits and weaves all day,
She smiles at travellers by the way;
They pause and look, then ask to stay,
And ruin find in their delay.

Temptation shows a smiling face,
A body lithe and full of grace;
Alluring seems her dwelling-place;
But souls soon die in her embrace.

Poor Low Ambition strives to climb,
To heights which point to things sublime;
Her slaves are deaf to beats of Time,
And sink in deep oblivion's slime.

Deception leads a life of care,
Her work is not one soul to spare;
Her plans are intricate, unfair,
And bring each life to dark despair.

Intrusion is a harpy bold,
Her eyes are bright, her heart is cold;
Unasked she enters every fold,
And causes misery untold.

Weak Superstition is a jade,
She builds her house of lies well laid;
And there she hides the souls afraid
Of God, and by their fear is paid.

Suspicion ruins many hearts;
She practices her subtle arts,
By dropping poison which imparts
Mad jealousy as love departs.

Dejection, crushed by darkness drear,
Enslaves her victims into fear
By clouding all their wisdom clear,
And causes faith to disappear.

Frail Indecision, weakest maid,
Time's prodigal; of truth afraid;
Her captives ever call for aid,
And valiant hearts before her fade.

Procrastination strings her beads,
To form a rosary of deeds;
But brings her beads too late; nor heeds
The record true of Time that speeds.

Thus ever with the webs of Fate,
These sisters watch with sleepless hate
To lure weak souls from wisdom's gate,
And laugh when they repent too late.

THE ASPEN

The aspen when she flutters
Her leaves with silver lined,
Seems as in fear to shudder
From the kisses of the wind.

Yet she is not so timid
As many other trees,
For she is only laughing
At secrets of the breeze!

ADVICE

Why look to knowledge as life's only aim?
Canst thou not turn aside for one brief day,
And let the brain forget itself in play?
For those who make each hour in life the same,
Are crippled, as the dwarf, the blind, the lame;
And those who pleasure's hours forever slay,
Will in their maze of dullness lose their way,
And on life's walls find "failure" writ in flame—
Flame that will burn and scorch, and sear their
 hearts,
And leave them parched and withered in their youth.
Better the smiling faces of the glad,
Than all the buried wisdom that imparts
No ray of sunshine, though it holds the truth.
Better in youth be gay than wise and sad!

DISCOURAGING HELP

Oh, do not be discouraged, friend,
When dark clouds form a shield,
To bar your path of progress bright;
For down in every field,
The growth of all the living things
By tares is hindered, and
They try to stop the Nature force,
Which helps life to expand.
Do you not know that in this world,
Advancement carries cares?
And nothing to fruition grows,
Without the prod of tares!

LIFE'S RAILWAY

A little maid described one day,
Her voyage down from the moon;
Her comrades listened, open-eyed,
Attention all atune.

"How could you come down from the sky,
You have no wings you say?"

"Oh, that is nothing," said the child,

"I came down on a ray!

"If you will look out any night,
Beyond the Milky Way;
You'll see some lines of golden light,
Which seem to flash and play

"From moon to earth, and on that day,
That I flew like a dart,
The moon sent out one lovely ray,
Right into Mother's heart!"

THE THIEF

In my youth they told me often
That the moon was made of cheese;
But it wasn't;
Then they said that Time would bring me
Everything, if I said "Please";
But it doesn't!

Now some people say that Shakespeare
Wrote the plays beloved by all;
But he couldn't!
Who, oh, who may claim that honor?
Shakespeare might have heard that call;
But he wouldn't!

TRANSPOSITION

Once I knew a beauteous maiden,
She was bonnie, sweet and coy;
The songs she sang were always tuned,
To "C" the key of joy.

As the years passed on, her music
Was a whisper like a wail;
The songs she voiced were always tuned
Within the minor scale.

BUBBLES

I think the bubbles that are born of rain,
Must be the echoes of sweet Nature's mirth;
For they go rippling, singing, free from pain,
Like laughing rays at dawn that die at birth.

MY LADY

My Lady o'er my heart hath cast her spell,
And never can another charm me so;
Since first I saw her I have loved her well,
And up to her I gaze with heart aglow.

Fairer is she than daughters of the earth;
Her equal in this world may not be seen;
She dominates all those of royal birth;
Her rank is higher than the highest queen.

Her beauty is deep-mirrored in the waves;
Her brilliancy is far beyond compare;
She holds all mortals as her willing slaves—
Ah, she was made for love, My Lady fair!

Her head thrown back as resting on a cloud;
Her parting lips inviting lover's kiss;
To steal just one? ah no, My Lady proud!
How could I dare to dream of such rare bliss?

Bright temptress! it is sweet to know her fair,
Although above my station she doth soar;
I kneel in adoration, not despair,
And muse on her with joy forever more.

She came upon my vision in the night;
Her beauty is not that which passeth soon,
For it will live forever, dazzling, bright—
My Lady is the Lady in the Moon!

KNOWLEDGE

I saw within the driftwood flames so bright,
The soul of innocence that once I knew.
It gazed at me and smiled, then near me drew,
And seemed to say, "Be happy, all is right;
For though your youthful dreams are dimmed by
 blight,
Your knowledge has become a shield most true,
And you must for all other souls undo
The door, that they may also have more light.
The knowledge that must come to every soul
Is sometimes like a shock of sudden pain,
Which we forget when healing's touch we feel,
And are by Nature's force once more made whole.
To ignorance we would not turn again,
Though innocence may be our strongest seal."

A SURE REWARD

In every human heart
The good predominates;
A demon of the bad
Low crouching ever waits
To hinder struggling lives,
Who reach for Heaven's gates.

But man is sure to win
An entrance at those gates;
The strength is given to him
Who fights, not him who waits;
For in each human heart
The good predominates.

CURIOSITY'S REWARD

Know you who first as woman came,
To bless this beauteous earth?
'Twas sweet Pandora with her box—
That box of countless worth.

But she like all the other Eves
Was on discovery bent;
So opening the box in haste,
The treasures all were spent.

Of course, we know that hope remained,
The last gift of a god;
But hope like virtue wins no prize,
It is its own reward!

SACRIFICE

I think I never saw a sweeter face,
Than passed me as I waited at life's gate;
It showed strong character and kindly grace—
A grace that comes sometimes when 'tis too late;
A sweetness that is gathered by the years
That pass us by; yet leave their deep impress.
The lines of sorrow showed, deep ruled by tears,
Which flowed to give another happiness.
That life had passed and given of its best;
But few could realize its sacrifice.
For many souls ask but life's pleasures, lest
'Tis all they gain e'er missing Paradise.
Most surely there is great reward for those,
Who all through life reap thorns—and miss the rose!

A BEAUTIFUL CORONET

Grey hairs awake at Nature's call,
And form a veil as fair as youth;
They clothe the brow of passing years,
And are as dignified as truth.

They are like vines that wind about
The storied stones of ruins bold;
They are the crown that beauty brings—
The crown of beauty manifold.

BORROWED PLUMES

A fairy ran under a mullein leaf,
To hide from a moon-ray bright;
What happened is quite beyond all belief,
For when in the morning light,
The mullein looked down from her budding sheaf,
The fairy had vanished quite!
But one of its wings like a gauzy leaf,
Had lain on the ground all night.
And ever since then the mullein, the thief,
Wears the wing of a golden sprite!

EVE'S FRIGHT

It must have been a weary task,
For Adam and his mate,
To find a name for every man,
And women designate!

For all the animals came too,
To get a cognomen,
The elephants and larger tribes,
Down to the smallest hen.

But suddenly with fright Eve cried,
"What is that near our house?"
Then Adam shrugged and smiling said,
"We'll call that thing a mouse!"

So ever since historic days,
This little quadruped,
Has caused much trouble to all Eves,
And filled their hearts with dread.

HOME!

I set my sail for journeys far,
I traverse every sea;
Yet from all witching shores I turn,
My native land to thee!

To sail away and meet the world;
To drink life's cup in glee;
Brings madd'ning joy and yet I turn,
My native land to thee!

To thee my mother-land so fair;
My home, my place of birth;
The homestead and the thoughts it brings:
The sweetest place on earth.

The restless souls who turn their steps
Toward other lands for home,
Miss half the glory of their lives,
And never reach the dome

Of highest feeling, that can bring
The soul-impulsion grand,
That only comes with thoughts of home
And of one's native land.

To feel the blood mount to the heart,
To count the heart-throbs mad;
To know that tears are in the eye,
Although the soul is glad.

That is one grandest pulse of life
When far across the sea,
We turn and say, "I'm going home,
My native land to thee!"

WHAT HAPPENED IN A GARDEN

A Medley of the Flowers

Spring had come, that maid so fair,
Apple Blossoms in her hair.

Iris is the name of spring,
At her coming *Blue Bells* ring.

Eyes the shade of *Violets*,
Not so dark as *Bouncing Bets*.

Cheeks like *Lilies* touched with *Rose*,
Breath like air where *Clover* blows.

Soon she crossed the *Meadow Sweet*,
Lady Slippers on her feet.

Foxgloves on her hands she wore,
In her dainty arms she bore

Garlands of the *Orange Flower*,
Myrtle too for Hymen's bower.

Veiled was she in *Queen Anne's Lace*,
Bridal Wreath above her face.

Through her curls of *Maiden Hair*,
Lace-like *Lilacs* found their lair.

Sweet *Narcissus* held her glass,
Mirror true as friendly *Grass*.

Lavender so straight and thin,
Bowed and smiled with brother *Whin*.

Sour Grass grew green and shy,
When the lovely maid passed by;

But *Snap Dragon* held the gate,
Where the *Weeping Willows* wait,

And *Rosemary's* tears of *Rue*
Flowed, as *Love-in-Mist* passed through.

Lovers came in *Phlox* to greet,
And to kiss her *Tulips* sweet.

Larkspur was her lover true,
For her *Dandelion* slew

Creeping Charlie in the night;
Johnny-Jump-Up joined the fight;

Ragged Sailors played their parts,
Causing many *Bleeding Hearts*.

Then the maid for *Balsam* gave,
Quaker Ladies to the brave,

And *Sweet William*, strong and bold,
Took for wife sweet *Marigold*.

Joy old *Elderberry* tells,
Ringing *Canterbury Bells*:

Jack-in-Pulpit was the priest;
Snow-white *Daisies* joined the feast;

Sweet *Anemones* were there,
In the *Virgin's-Bower*, where

Gentians, waiting like a flock,
Heard the chimes ring *Four-o'clock*.

Golden-Rod in perfect *Thyme*,
Taught them *Everlasting's* rhyme:

"Spring has come, that maid so fair;
Sweetest maid in earth or air."

Dew from sweet *Arbutus* vine,
Poured from *Buttercups* for wine,

Served by *Crocus* as a page,
Put young *Cowslip* in a rage!

Gilly Flowers, modest things,
Begged *Wistaria's* hanging strings,

For their threads that they might sew
Monk's Hoods where *Pine Needles* grow.

Asters doffed their petticoats.
Now across the air there floats

Echoes from the *Trumpet Flower*,
To proclaim the evening hour.

Star-of-Bethlehem came out,
Shed its silver light about:

Gloom the *Golden Glow* o'er crept,
Flags all fell as *Night Shade* slept.

Hyacinths their perfume sent;
But their greeting innocent

Angered all the *Ivy* vines,
Friendship's friend when love declines.

Then *Sun-Flowers* unbidden came;
Wicked *Poppies* blushed for shame,

For they sent no signal fleet,
Of the *Sun-Flower's* burning heat.

Poor *Pond Lily* was the first,
Through her liquid bed to burst,

And the heat alarm to give,
To the flowers who loved to live.

Ash and *Elm*, and *Beech* and *Oak*,
Shook their leaves and then awoke.

Honeysuckle waked too soon,
Found her flutes all out of tune.

Then the sweet *Syringa* blew
O'er *Forcythia's* yellow hue,

And the *Cockscomb* bristling, red,
Waked *Verbenas* from their bed.

Peonies so lush with life,
Were the ones that caused the strife;

For their blooms so big and red,
Pushed the *Dahlias* from their bed.

'Twas the *Dahlias* broke the Stocks
Near the bed of *Hollyhocks*

Broke their lovely, nodding plumes,
As they talked with *Lotus Blooms*.

Tiger Lilies on the breeze,
Caught the whispers of *Sweet Pease*,

So they told the spreading *Docks*,
Just to ask the *Hollyhocks*

If they knew the cause of strife,
In the peaceful garden's life.

Not a single flower could tell,
Milk Weed wild nor *Asphodel*.

Jasmine and the *Juniper*,
Asked the cause of all the stir;

Thistles came with voices husk,
Asking news of silly *Musk*.

Laurels, Palms and Heliotrope,
With Gardenias gave up hope;

So they bent their heads and died;
As they drooped the dew-drops cried.

Rhododendron, thoughtful maid,
Held *Camellia* in her shade,

Near the *Box* of *Cedar* tree;
Closed by *Hemlock* and its key.

Red-Hot-Pokers burning red,
Kissed the *Pinks* and left them dead.

Lilies-of-the-Valley died;
Then the sweet *May-Flowers* cried;

But *Sun-Flowers* no mercy showed,
Tears from every *Snow-Drop* flowed.

Pussy-Willow hid its face;
Snow-balls melted in disgrace.

Daffodils and *Pansies* said,
"Even *Jonquil* is afraid!"

Morning-Glories liked the heat;
But sweet *Iris* pale and sweet,

Dying cried, "The air is hot,
Sisters dear, "*Forget-Me-Not!*"

THE LAST PAGE

*The garden gate is closing now,
So tell me true,
How many blossoms have you culled?
I hope a few!*

*If only one has found a place
Within your heart,
Pray keep it as a memory sweet,
For now we part.*

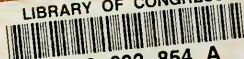
*The evening falls, and all the flowers
In slumber dwell.
I turn the key within the lock—
And say "Farewell!"*

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